

Squatter Sovereign.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY,

"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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For one square, ten lines or less.....\$1 00

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" " six months.....7 00

" " twelve months.....10 00

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" " six months.....9 00

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1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible, till they have settled the bill and ordered their discontinuance.

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The Poet's Column.

SPARKLING SUNDAY NIGHT.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO THOSE WHO ARE GUILTY.

Sitting in the corner,

On a Sunday eve,

With a taper finger

Resting on your sleeve;

Starlight eyes are casting

In your face their light;

Bless me! this is pleasant

Sparkling Sunday night!

How your heart is thumping,

Against your Sunday vest;

How wickedly 'tis working,

On this day of rest;

Hours seem but minutes,

As they take their flight;

Bless me! ain't it pleasant

Sparkling Sunday night?

Dad and Mam are sleeping

On their peaceful bed,

Dreaming of the things

The folks in meeting said.

"Let us be one another!"

Ministers recite:

Bless me! don't we do it—

Sparkling Sunday night?

One arm with gentle pressure

Lingers round her waist;

You squeeze her dimpled hand,

Her pointing lips you taste;

She freely sips your face,

But more in love than spite;

Oh! thunder—ain't it pleasant

Sparkling Sunday night?

But hark! the clock is striking—

It is two o'clock I an'!

As sure as I'm a sinner!

The time to go has come;

You ask with spiteful accents,

"If that old clock is right,"

And wonder if it ever

Spoke on Sunday night!

One, two, three, sweet kisses,

Four, five, six, you hook—

But thinking how you taste,

Give back those you took;

Then as home you hurry,

From the fair one's sight,

Don't you wish each day was

Only Sunday night?

LITTLE EPIGRAM.—A Gentleman, who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:—

"I've lost the little once I had;

My heart is sad and sore;

So now I should be very glad

To have a little Moore."

To which the lady sent the following answer:—

"I pity much the loss you've had;

The grief you must endure—

A heart by little made so sad,

A little Moore won't cure."

A gentleman who had been in the habit of occasionally beating his wife, one day had his daguerotype taken.

"Come hither, my Jane; see, my picture is here; do you like it as it is? Don't it strike you?"

"I can't say it does at present, my dear; but I dare say it will—it's so like you!"

Miscellaneous.

Woman's Wit and Love.

'Tis midnight! and save the heavy tread

of the sentinel, as he paces his accustomed

round, all nature sleeps calmly and peacefully.

The prisoner in yonder gloomy cell is on the morrow to be led forth to die!

For what? Money to the amount of five hundred dollars has been found in his possession, and this money has been proven to be the property of a man who had lately mysteriously disappeared, and who was last seen in company with Louis Moran.

These circumstances, joined to the facts that Moran's knife found was full of blood, and that he was very much confused when he was asked how and where he had spent the evening of the fifth of June, caused Moran to be suspected, arrested and committed to prison.

From the time at which he was thrown into prison, he had steadfastly declared his innocence, and said he received the money which was found on him from a stranger, whom he called Lewis, whom he minutely described. But, to return to the point whence we started. As the old prison clock strikes one, a fairy form flits past the sentinel, who cries out "Who goes there?"

"It is I, Mary Moran!" was the ready response.

"Pass on, Mary Moran; the Sheriff gives you permission to see your husband," was the response of the sentinel, as she passed quickly on. The doors of the prison swung heavily open, and the next moment Mary Moran was pressed to the bosom of her husband.

"Louis, I will not forsake thee," said the weeping girl.

"And is it for me you brave all these dangers? for me, the outcast, the abandoned—for him who to-morrow must die?"

And Moran bent aloof of deep devotion on the fair girl who stood at his side.

"You shall not, will not die, Louis, for I can and will save thee!" said the affectionate girl.

The prisoner shook his head despondingly. But after a short pause he resumed—

"Mary, this is no time for trifling; tell me, can you indeed save me? If you can, I swear by you pale moon—by the welfare of my soul in an endless eternity—by the first years of our wedded love—by all that is near and dear to me I swear to be a new man!"

"Listen to me, Louis," said his wife, in a clear, calm tone, "listen to me! you recollect you said, on your trial, that you received the money which was found in your possession from a man, called Lewis, whom you described as tall and slender, fair complexioned, bright blue eyes, and dressed in an iron-gray frock coat, white pantaloons and blue silk neckcloth; you are to dream that you will see this man, and I will do the rest."

The jailer tapped at the window and said, "You were to stay with your husband but an hour—it has passed—you must retire; and she passed quickly out.

The gray dawn of the morning was just appearing, when the jailer walked softly in touched Moran and said, "Day has come; prepare to die!"

"Oh, I had such a sweet dream!" said Moran, seemingly awaking from a deed sleep.

"What was it?" asked the jailer.

"I dreamed that as I was going to the gallows I saw this man, Lewis, who gave me that accursed money and I told you of it, and that you hung him in my place," replied Moran.

Meanwhile the procession was slowly moving to the gallows, when the jailer, who had taken a deep interest in Moran's dream, slightly touched him.

"There is a person answering your description of Lewis," said he, pointing to the crowd.

"Yes, by heaven! it is Lewis!" shouted Moran.

The stranger instantly fled, but was pursued and overtaken, and confessed the crime. Moran instantly received a reprieve from the Governor, and left the country.

The stranger, after lying a week in prison, applied for a dismissal, alleging that she was the wife of Louis Moran.

It was indeed she, who had dressed herself in such a manner as to conform to her husband's description of Lewis, and thus had saved her husband's life.

A man said of a painter he knew, that "he painted a shingle so exactly like marble, that when it fell into the river it sank."

A Successful Trick.

A young and skillful disciple of Robert

Houdin, was some ago travelling in the

northern provinces of France, giving exhibitions in natural magic, in company with

a young wag now director of a printing establishment in Paris. In their wandering

they halted at the town of R—, more renowned for its manufactures than for the natural brilliancy of its inhabitants.

Here the receipts of the magician were absolutely nothing, and despair reigned in the hearts of our two adventurers. What was to be done?

"By my faith," exclaimed the assistant magician, "it will never do to say we did not make our expenses! I have it! Let me write a poster for one more entertainment; and if the attraction don't answer, call me no assistant for a high priest of diabolery!"

"At the urgent request of the large and intelligent audiences of our former entertainments, we have consented to perform the astounding feat of making the cathedral bell ring any hour indicated by any of the audience. To take place this evening."

"There how will that do?"

"But how, in heaven's name, are you to fulfil the promise?"

Oh! never mind. Am I not a worthy pupil of a skillful master? Leave that to me."

Night came, and with it a crowd of the curious. All went off well, and now came the feature of the evening. Any one was asked to name a number. "Four" came from the crowd.

"In fear and trembling," the mighty magician extended his hand towards the cathedral, when one! two! three! four! boomed slowly from the cupola. The cold perspiration started to the exhibitor's brow, and the audience shouted with delight and surprise.

"Encore! encore!" resounded from all parts of the room. Again! What was to be done? But a voice from behind the curtain said:

"Go ahead, old boy—it's all right!"

With a sigh of relief the exhibitor repeated the miracle, again and again, and the spectators departed filled with enthusiasm!

"What, in the name of wonder, have you been doing?" exclaimed the puzzled principle to his laughing assistant, as soon as the doors were closed.

"Why, I gave the bell-ringer five francs to stay in the belfry and ring as many times as I placed candles in the window, and I think it succeeded pretty well 'n'est ce pas?" replied the other, shaking the well-filled cash box.

The next day, as they were starting in the cars, one of the city councillors came to them, and begged that they would explain the miracle.

"It is magnetism, my friend," said the magician, with a flourish of his hand, and the magistrate departed, much edified, and perfectly satisfied.

THE CORN DOGGER.—A correspondent who signs himself "Omo," in the Southern Cultivator, has "an abiding faith" in corn doggers. Hear him:

A dogger—what a rich bono it is—what a luxury, a glorious commonality. It is the foundation stone stone—the very bone and sinew of all good living. Why don't people have more dogger and less gingerbread fixings? They'd be the better for it. There is plenty of corn meal, water and salt everywhere, and that all you want. Don't fumble it and chuck it about, and daub it up with grease, saleratus, eggs, pumpkins, and other outlandish flummignations—that ain't dogger. Just stir it up with clean water (and salt if you choose) and bake it brown and crispy, as big as whole bricks, and bring it along smoking, steaming hot—that's dogger. And there's nothing better. It's good with anything—it's good without anything—it's good when it's hot, and it's good when it's cold—it's good for the young, and it's good for the old.

A dogger—O, it's a glorious invention! It's the most wholesome diet that ever went down the throat of man. It won't give you the dyspepsia nor the rheumatism—it won't give you the "bloos," and you don't have to take pills and other "pizen stuff" to work it off. It's the best remedy ever invented for children. It fattens "lit niggers"—make them grow—makes them strong and healthy—try it. There's nothing ahead of corn dogger.

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a pair of sunken eyes, wrinkled face and lived complexion in a glass that she usually looked into.

A French Duel.

The morning was cold and rainy, and

seeing before him a "chalet" through whose windows shone a glorious fire, and whose curious external stairway descended

even to his feet, as if coquishly inviting him to share mountain hospitality, Dupont did not hesitate to mount to the door; he found the key in the lock, opened and entered.

A man was seated at a desk with his back to the door—at the noise of the opening he turned his head, and recognizing the intruder, cried:

"Ah, is it you, Dupont? We will take a turn immediately."

It was Fournier who thus spoke.

"Faith, I am ready," said Dupont.

Fournier took his sword from the corner of the room; they fell into position; they crossed weapons. All this passed in a moment—to see, recognize, and provoke, and attack each other as was natural and spontaneous as to breathe. It was only between the passes that they conversed.

"I thought you were employed in the interior," said Fournier.

"The minister gives me the fourth division."

"Indeed, how fortunate! I command the cavalry there. So you have just arrived?"

"This instant."

"And thought of me the first thing—how amiable you are!"

"No really. I did not know you were here: seeing a fire through these windows, as I was about to pass, I stopped to warm myself."

"This exercise will warm you sufficiently."

The first became fiercer—Fournier hazarded a pass, which Dupont taking advantage of, pushed him so vigorously that he was forced to give back step by step.

Dupont advanced steadily within distance, crying:

"Aha! You run! You run!"

"Not at all. I only retreat. Do you think I am going to let you split me like a sparrow?"

"The room is small; I shall drive you to the wall!"

"We shall see!"

"See then!" and Dupont said this, he pressed Fournier literally into the corner, and his sword piercing the muscles of Fournier's neck, pinned him to the wooden wall like a family portrait badly hung.

"The devil!" cried the spitted general.

"You did not expect this?" said Dupont.

"On the contrary, it is you who do not expect what will happen!"

"Indeed, what is about to happen, then?"

"Why, the moment you draw out your sword, I shall thrust mine into your stomach, and you will fall!"

"True," replied Dupont, pressing his sword with great force into the logs of the cottage wall.

"Well, what the devil are you piercing the wall for?"

"I am taking precaution against your lunge in my stomach."

"You cannot avoid it; the moment you withdraw, you die!"

"I shall not withdraw till you throw down your sword."

"It is impossible for you to keep your arm thus strained for ten minutes, it must drop, and receive my thrust."

"You are unreasonable, your blood is flowing, in ten minutes your eyes will close."

"We shall see."

"Very well. I am not impatient."

"Nor I. Will abide the result!"

This contest would probably have been prolonged to a fatal termination, had not the noise of their dispute at length been heard by some officers in another part of the house, who, coming hastily upon the scene, separated with much difficulty the obstinate combatants.

When parted they each claimed the victory, and finally demanded, with great gravity, to be replaced exactly as they were when separated, Dupont promising to refix his sword through Fournier's throat without increasing the wound.

They were finally obliged to force the latter to bed, and the former out of the chalet.

AND A GOOD RIDDANCE TOO.—A love-sick young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

A cotemporary, speaking of the report on gentlemen's fashions says, "There is not much change in gent's pants this month." Very likely.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

Said I, "My head feels a little achish;

what do you think I had better do?"

"Why, friend S.," says the Doctor, says he, "the best thing you can do is to go straight home soak your feet and take a sweat; 'cause if you don't," says he, "as like as not you may have a fever."

Says I, "Doctor, I was just a thinkin' a little sweat would do me good, and I guess I'll go home and try it, right away."

Well, I did; I went home and took a bowlful of tansey tea, bitter as gall, and if I didn't sweat like a beaver 'tain't no matter. The next morning my head was as clear as a bell, and I was as good as ever I was. Well, a day or two afterward I met the Doctor; after a little talking, says the Doctor, says he:

"Neighbor, S., I've got a little bill agin you."

I looked at him clui, and says I, "A bill, Doctor?"

"Yes," says he, "a bill for advice, you know, at Simkin's store the other day."

What do you think he had gone and done? He'd actually charged me two dollars for telling me to go home and take a sweat, which I was just going to do myself, without his telling.

"Well, Doctor," says I, for I didn't want to appear mean you know "it's all right; I will bear it in mind."

Well, a few days after the Doctor was passing by my door in his chaise, and somehow or other one of the wheels got a little loose, so says I:

"Doctor, if you don't drive that lynch-pin an inch or so that wheel will come off."

"Thank you," says he, and he took a stun and drove in the pin.

Well, I went into the house, and just made a charge of it, and when he came along the next time, I presented him the bill.

"Hello!" says the Doctor, says he; "what on airth is this for?"

"Why, it's for advice," says I.

"Advice?" says he. "What advice?—I haint had none o' your advice."

"Why, for driving in your wheel-pin, and I've only charged you two dollars and twenty-five cents, and if I hadn't given you the advice, it might have cost you ten times as much."

"Well," says the Doctor, "the difference between your bill and mine is just twenty-five cents."

"That is all you owe me," says I.

"Well, I'll bear it in mind," says he.

And I expect he will. He's as tight as a candle-mould, is the Doctor; and I guess he is able to bear it in mind.

A COOL PROPOSITION.—A young man just married, in humble circumstances—a wife's cousin comes from the country to pay them a short visit—very glad to see each other, etc., etc. In the midst of the rejoicing, an ominous thought crosses the mind of the husband.

"Well, Martha, we don't know how we are going to accommodate you. We've only one bed you know."

Martha—"Oh that's nothing. I can sleep with your wife, and you can get lodgings at a hotel for three or four weeks very easily."

"SERVANTS HALF PRICE.—"Is the giraffe to be seen here?"

"Yes sir."

"I want to see him."

"Very well, sir."

"It's fifty cents, isn't it?"

"One dollar, sir. Fifty cents for servants."

"Well, I'm a servant."

"You a servant."

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